

# Worth \$10 Millions—But Does Not Own His Own

Mlle. Walska, His New Opera Singer Bride, Explains Why Mr.

Cochran's Millions and Yachts and Mansions Are "Nothing" Compared with Her Artistic "Career"

## Wife's Kisses

Mrs. Alexander Smith Cochran, Who Still Uses Her Stage Name, Mlle. Ganna Walska.

Mademoiselle Ganna Walska's Profile. "I Hate a Man Who Does Not Kiss Well," She Declares.

An Earlier Photograph of Mlle. Walska Taken in Paris.

Mr. Cochran's Splendid Ocean Going Steam Yacht "Warrior," Which His Wife Has No Time to Bother With.

Mr. Alexander Smith Cochran, Who Was "The Richest Bachelor in the World" Until He Married Mme. Walska Last August.

THE season of Chicago Grand Opera has just opened, and already the sayings and doings of the artists and their jovial company have been in the newspapers. Art, like Charity, covers a multitude of eccentricities.

Last season the exploits of Georges Baklanoff, the Russian baritone, achieved no little notoriety. Readers of these pages will recall the picturesque charges of pretty Mlle. Amazar, who caused his arrest, alleging that the singer had imported her into this country in defiance of the Federal white slave law. The indulgent Federal authorities let Baklanoff go to Europe this Summer, and when he came back again a few weeks ago he was held at the port of New York and forbidden to land. To the surprise of the local New York immigration officials somebody got the higher authorities in Washington to order his release.

It was Baklanoff, the baritone, who played the chief role of notoriety last season in the opera company, but this year there is a more promising member—Mlle. Ganna Walska.

Mademoiselle is really a married woman—much married, in fact. And mademoiselle is a pretty soprano.

But it is mademoiselle's third and recent marriage which is her most interesting matrimonial achievement, for, to the astonishment of opera and society circles both in Europe and America, last Summer the vivacious Ganna Walska picked for her newest husband Mr. Alexander Smith Cochran, of New York, a man worth \$80,000,000 and known as "the richest bachelor in the world."

Mr. Cochran, the latest husband, may have more than \$80,000,000—in fact, not less than \$100,000,000 is given as his fortune by some. But let it go at \$80,000,000. The income from \$80,000,000 is more than \$10,000 a day for every day in the year including Sundays.

That is quite a handsome income—\$10,000 a day, \$443 an hour, \$7 a minute, day and night, all the time. Some would imagine that Mlle. Ganna Walska Cochran would quit work and use a little of that \$10,000 a day to enjoy things.

But no. Mademoiselle is an artist and doesn't do things as other people do who are not artists—her art is more to her than any little old \$10,000 a day.

Can it be that the new \$80,000,000 husband is, perhaps, a little close with that \$10,000 a day? No, no! Look at Mr. Cochran's big ocean-going steam yacht *Warrior*, whose picture is printed on this page. Any man who owns and pays the expenses of such a floating palace is accustomed to burn millions of dried leaves in a brush fire.

Some, perhaps, would think the new bride would take a trip around the world on that inviting-looking yacht. Oh, no! Her art is more to her than yachts or town residences or country estates or Western ranches which are at her disposal.

But why does Mr. Cochran let his wife work? Can't he buy her off by outbidding the Chicago opera management and hiring her to sing for him alone?

Well, if the reader has not the true artistic temperament it will be hard to grasp mademoiselle's point of view—why a "career" is more to her than her husband. It will be hard to understand why Mr. Multimillionaire Cochran, with all his wealth and mansions and yachts, can't keep his wife at home; can't make an appointment that the opera manager can't break; can't even control his own wife's hugs and kisses. Let the artiste explain in her own words.

"Eet ees no problem at all, do you see, monsieur?" chirped the chic little Polish prima donna at her Chicago hotel apartment. "I have married, and I also pursue my profession, ees eet not so?"

"Eef my husband would object to my singing—well, not for long would he be my husband," she continued. "A woman must have her interests. Nevaire could I become interested in ze man so narrow-minded zat he would not palreemet me to follow my career after ze marriage. That ees why eet ees no problem."

The "career" of wifehood, motherhood, social life is no "career" at all. Mlle. Walska-Cochran has an artistic soul above such a tiresome commonplace existence. Omitting her fetching foreign accent her interview continued thus:

"No society woman would be a society woman if she could be anything else. The American women, they are so exquisite, so lovely, so starving for vivid color in their grey existence. They sit waiting, waiting for life to come to them. But in Europe one lives. Oh, the pity of these American

girls. They wither in the unromantic atmosphere.

"I went to the Ritz Garden wedding of a beautiful debutante in New York. 'Oh, mother,' she cried as the time came for the ceremony, 'give me a cigarette. Just one drag, quick, mother.' Her wedding, it was not enough. She must have the stimulus of a cigarette."

"Ah, it is a tragedy, and they do not know it. As soon as I land in New York I feel it, and again to-day when I came to Chicago—this parching of the soul which is in the air here, a sterilizing of the emotions."

"Will you retire from grand opera now that you are mistress of yachts, villas, great town houses and country estates?" she was asked.

"Ah, no. I did not marry my husband for his dollars. It is him I care for," she replied. "Retire from the opera, give up my career? For what? To be a society woman in New York or Paris? No, no." She was emphatic.

"Oh, yes, I am in love with my husband, but I must have my artistic career. Nothing must interfere with that. An artist cannot develop under the blighting influence of gold. Once I might have thrown away the millions, but I have achieved fame and now the millions will be harmless. I can bear the strain without menace to my art."

"What does my husband think of me? Why, he likes me very much. What does he think of me on the stage? He has not told me."

"And he does not object to your acting—"

the romantic love scenes in the arms of the opera Romeo like Mr. Hislop, for instance?"

"This Joseph Hislop kisses, oh, so wonderfully in the opera show," she said. "I like that. No, my husband will not be jealous. I hate a man who does not kiss well."

"I heard about this poor Georges Baklanoff. The preachers in Chicago, they said, wish him put out of the opera because of the Amazar girl. If I were this noble Baklanoff I would throw her out the window. Because he is an artist he is pilloried."

"You have faith that such a marriage as yours, an opera singer, with Mr. Cochran, the carpet king, will be happy and enduring?"

"Certainly, yes. It is not difficult for an opera artiste to avoid domestic whirlpools. In Summer, maybe, you do not sing. Then you have the long months of happiness with your husband. And there are, too, all the other evenings when you are not appearing. Of course, for me these evenings will be for practice. But my husband, he likes music, too. So he will be contented."

"But this is of the opera artistes I am speaking. Of the stage stars, the dramatic artistes, it is different. Why? I will tell you. I would not advise any man to marry an actress. You know what they do? Well, it is like this. If they are successful they must be every evening on the stage. If they are not successful—they make an expressive grimace—that is worse than anything! They cry all the time. Me—I do not cry."

"And what you call 'the marriage of reason'—that, too, is impossible. Not even for the sake of making money to continue a career should a girl do that. Better be

poor and a good artiste. The marriage of reason? It is too much to pay. It is the grand bore."

"You know how it comes. When you go into society and you meet some people you must all the 'time smile and say, 'I am glad to see you.' And all the time you hate those people. You do that for one hour and you go home. You have a terrible headache and a pain in your neck. How would it be, eh, if you had to be with those people all the time? That is the marriage of the reason. Many women do it. Not me."

"Two people should not marry unless they love each other and have the same feelings. So then—how can they disagree? If I want something—of course, my husband wants it, too."

"Marriage will make no difference in my career. I sing because I must. My nature craves the expression which I can give to my talents only through appearing in opera."

"All during my honeymoon I studied. I worked to master new roles and perfect myself in my old ones. I shall sing in 'Zaza,' 'Louise,' 'Manon,' 'Pagliacci' and many other operas. Mr. Cochran does not object. Why should he? He knows I do not sing from vanity or because I need the money. He knows that my work is essential to my happiness."

"There are women who are on the stage to attract attention or because they want to make a livelihood. It is natural that such women should give up the stage when they marry. Few women who go into operatic or dramatic work because natural gifts force them to that means of expres-

Mr. Hislop of the Chicago Opera Company Whose Caresses Madam Walska-Cochran Speaks of with Such Warm Enthusiasm.

ston are ever happy if they give up their careers for marriage. I was married before and I sang all the time. There is no reason why I should not sing now."

When an interviewer once spoke of Mme. Walska as the "reigning Broadway beauty" she replied with a great show of indignation:

"It is evident that your comprehension is of the slightest. It is not a beauty that I am, but an artist. I know that I am not painful to look at—otherwise men would not look at me as they do. But if some people consider me beautiful, that is a mere incident. I hate to have people speak about it, because I am primarily an artist."

And on a previous occasion, when Mme. Walska announced the breaking of her engagement to Lowell M. Palmer, Jr., a wealthy Brooklyn man, she said:

"I cannot think of marriage. To me art is everything. I like the stage better than anything else. Husband? Never again, as you say in this country. He is a hindrance to art, he gets in the way, he refuses to sacrifice for my sake. Even a fiancé is bad. My husband must be my slave. It is hard to find men in this country who are willing to be slaves. They are most quick to offer themselves in marriage—ah, but yes! They see you once on the stage and ask you to wed them the same night. I— even I—have received dozens of proposals."

"Everything is done in a rush. I do not like that. The man should take time to come and talk—and flirt—a long while before he offers himself. But no! One, two, three, married—and divorce after 'hat.' Mr. Palmer, he was a very nice—a very strong—man. He has a will of his own, and I, alas! I also. I saw there would soon be a clash. First he wanted me to change my man music teacher for a woman. He said she was better for my voice training. I put down my foot. I said no."